

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

NUMBER 15.

- * Spurzheim's *Elem'y Principles of Education.*
- + *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.*
- ‡ *Combe's Lectures on Popular Education.*

Poetry.

And Poetry, too, shall lead her aid,
Persuading as the singer—
Scattering o'er your shoulder earth
Sweet incense from her wings.

The following verses were written over two years ago, and published in the "Spirits" shortly after the death of the poet. We publish them in connection with the extract from Shakespeare's Hamlet, that the reader may see the difference between "good" in the days of the "royal Dane" and now. It may be true as Lord Byron says, that "Custom is the drill-sergeant of society," but it should be known, also, that "drill" under the command of "ignorance," and "drill" under the command of "wisdom," are very different things. The motive that produced drill in both cases is alike, and springs from Love.

Later, with ceremony else
I tried. Her obsequies have been so far enlarged
As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command sways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and stones, should have been thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed her virgin earth,
Her maiden strewns, and the bringing home
Of bell and funeral.

TELL THEM I AM NO MORE.

[A weak or two, Miss—] a young and beautiful girl in this city, from Vermont, immediately upon parting from her companions after an evening walk, during which she appeared happy and cheerful, threw herself into one of the canals and was drowned. Before going out to walk, she left a note at her boarding-house, in which she expressed a few directions in regard to the transmission of her money and apparel to her relatives, and contained these words only in reference to her earthly portion: "I am no more."

Tell them I am no more!
Tell them this poor heart of mine was breaking,
And that I died in the night, during which she appeared happy and cheerful, threw herself into one of the canals and was drowned. Before going out to walk, she left a note at her boarding-house, in which she expressed a few directions in regard to the transmission of her money and apparel to her relatives, and contained these words only in reference to her earthly portion: "I am no more."

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pose, since in the nature of the case there must be, not only variations, but seemingly conflicting views, as there has not been time to harmonize theories, beyond the fundamental facts. The Spirits exist—that there is a Spirit-land—that Spirits communicate with the family of man, and bless them with their influence and advice;—so that belief has given place to the knowledge, that immortal life is the God-ordained destiny of every soul that comes into the world, and that Progress is the Gospel for the Ages.

There is enough here, surely, to gladden the heart of any Convention, and tune to harmony the most discordant elements; yet, since it is the nature of man to hope for the "good time coming," we desire to hear that the friends may take counsel as to the ways and means of helping it right along. The philosophy of Spiritualism may be peculiar, as each one must, in the nature of the case, become a law unto himself; but the actual Gospel of life, we hope will be a practical, consistent and harmonious effort for the elevation and purification of society.

IMAGINATION.

Much has been said since the advent of Spiritual manifestations about Imagination. The changes have been rung on the word in every conceivable variety, and the divine faculty has had to be the scapegoat of all kinds of sin against reason and sense, both within and without the pale of belief. So much rubbish and garbage has been heaped on it as a convenient packhorse, both by the skeptic and the skeptical, that it is now difficult to discern through the filth as to what species of animal even the begrimed and befooled monster belongs. Few, very few, even suspect it to be human. We propose to try and get at its interior structure, and so aid in the determination of its genus and species, in order that we may more accurately know what its real use is; for its present apparent use is merely negative or absolutely vicious in the economy of modern society. We do not propose to enter into any exhaustive analysis or long philosophical disquisition, but merely to throw out a few hints from the plane of common sense, which may be suggestive to other minds, and so aid in the development of the truth on this topic in each mind for itself.

The imagination is the power of forming images of things invisible to sense. Imagination does not body forth the forms of things "unknown," but bodies forth the forms of things unseen. Our most "practical" business men must use this faculty every day of their lives. They cannot make an "operation" great or small, without calling to their aid this faculty which they affect so much to despise. Is marine insurance proposed, the agent must conceive of the ship under the circumstances which the proposed voyage necessitates, and then judge of the amount of risk. Does a real estate speculator think of making an investment, he immediately summons to his aid the imagination and "bodies forth the forms" under which the property will be brought to market. The inventor bodies forth in his mind the proposed new combination, and thus secures their interworking before he constructs it in outward but no more durable material. The painter must have first been enraptured by his glorious dream, before he will labor days and even years, to convey it to other men. There is a so-called art we know that merely copies from external things, but the practitioner of it should be called artisan, not artist. Every conveyance of thought from one person to another, whether it be in the most trivial conversation or highest oratory or poetry, involves, necessarily, the employment of this faculty. Nay, the purest science, so called, must use what succedaneum for it it can get, to shape its still half-alive formulas, while it impudently affects to cast the divine maid out from its pure society.

It must be evident to every reflective mind, that this power, informed by reason and furnished with weapons from the armory of memory, works in every field where man employs his creative energies or acts as an image of his God. The acts of this agent are different in different men, as the tools with which it works have been differently provided to the storehouse of the memory by different circumstances of education and life. It differs in intensity in different men; this difference, other things being equal, measuring absolutely the amount of vitality each individual possesses. For it must be the measure of the amount of real life, since it works purely in creative acts—or God-like acts. Above all other differences, is its difference in kind or bipolarity of true or false. Other differences sink into nothingness in comparison with this, which suggests the first practical question one man asks concerning another, viz., "is he true?"

This power of humanity being true, intense and well furnished with tools, can do more for the elevation of the race than any other faculty which has received a distinct name in the nomenclature of mind. It can fill the world with useful inventions, with true expressions of love, with beautiful forms of art and use, and enrapture the soul with heavenly harmonies. The faculty being false, weak, and unsupplied with means, humanity must cease to create; so cease to progress, and gradually lose from this earth the light of the skies.

It therefore becomes a matter of great importance to cultivate this faculty, and to enlighten it with truth, and to infuse into it intense activity, and to furnish it with all the tools which nature gives to sensation. It is important for each man, and important for humanity. It is important as life is important, and its false, feeble, and unfurnished state, betokens a speedy rain to forms of life, whether in physical, moral or intellectual things—in church, in state, or in social relations.

Whenever a man willfully or undesignedly lies, makes a false image to another man, he thereby blunts this weapon, he detracts from its usefulness in the hour of his need. Whenever a man tells the simple truth in spite of opposing clamor and of apparent interests, he thereby sharpens his sword for future conflicts. For it is like those incisors which Nature has provided the squirrel and other Rodentia, which are sharpened by their very use.

For sad are the thoughts it brings,
And the solemn call of departed years
To my innocent world of joys;
When deathly gloom is upon my path,
Oh! bring them all glittering and fair,
And let not the sorrows of future years
Ever dim the bright rays they wear.

God hath a voice that ye never heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of a bird;
It comes in the murmur of the wind, the sigh of a sea;
In the streamlet's soft gurgle it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
It lives in the rich of the swaying simoon;
Let the harpist, while the warblers rejoice,
What do they tell to thee of God, hath a voice?

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who are affinitized to the mundane individual by relations of general truth or falsity of character. Therefore it is probable that those persons who are attracted to a truthful nature will increase the vividness of its conceptions, and so one who is true will become also strong. It is most certain that in proportion as one is true, he will see more clearly what shall be done to help himself and others, and so only so can know how to proceed to attain real strength of body, mind, and soul. For the imaginative faculty in this material world needs to use all the faculties of the composite man, corporeal organs, phonological organs, and soul-powers in the shaping of its glorious work; and he who has a lack in one of these particulars, lacks in that degree power to act on that plane.

This brings us to the third and last requisite for healthy creative or human powers; which is a memory well formed by sensation. This depends more on the conditions of the individual than either of the other two. Yet it is inferior in importance to the other two, for if the other two, viz, truth and vigor, are lacking in any degree, the whole tendency of the faculty is in that degree injurious to the man and humanity. Besides, the other two are more within the reach of the individual independent of conditions, and can by their action create conditions. For let a man once see clearly what is to be done, and then have strength in himself, and conditions must be moulded to his purpose or likeness. Were it not so, the whole economy of God would be a lie; for God would not love the world by virtue of his superior wisdom, love, and power, but because the condition of the world has made it subject to Him. God being the creator, to look merely at the conditions and not at the power, conditioning is to look at the world as dead, and not alive and informed with love and wisdom, or true Godlike life.

Men's truth will therefore secure him vigor, and both will secure him proper conditions for his development, as they only can be secured by his own internal nature.

It may appear to some, that we have attributed far too important a function to imagination in the above remarks. But we have spoken of this power of forming images in the intellectual sphere as one throughout the wide and varied domain in which man acts and as a golden thread which ran through every creative act, whatever be its estimation in the market. It was also incidental to our design to call attention to the fact, that neither from the actual methods that men took, nor from the derivation of the word, could the term be properly arrogated to colorists, or rhymersters, but belonged to man as man, by virtue of the indwelling divinity.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CLERGY—AGAIN.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., Aug. 12, 1854.
DEAR BROTHER: In publishing my letter in your paper of this date, I notice one or two mistakes; will you be so kind as to correct them in your next. The sentence commencing "if Hume had known of 'automatic actions,'" &c., should be, "if Hume had known of 'automatic beings,'" &c., and the wonderful facts of modern psychology, as well as the fact that men would falsify, and that all were liable to be imposed upon, he would have wielded the very weapon they are using now, and would have demolished all reliance in ancient Spiritualism. Nothing could have saved it but the very recurrence in our day of similar phenomena, which they are now siding with Hume and his followers in attacking."

Belief in the account of ancient Spiritualism labors under many more difficulties than a similar belief in the truth of modern Spiritualism. I relate to you such and such facts which prove invisible power and intelligence; &c. which prove a communication from a Spirit; or a revelation from a Spirit; you say, if you could see such facts yourself, you would believe too. I tell you I saw them with my own eyes, and that Mr. A, Mr. B, Mr. C, and Mr. D, all of whom you know are men of intelligence and honesty, were present and saw these facts with me, and thus I fortify my testimony. You say with all honesty, "I don't doubt you thought you saw and heard these things; but you know, Doctor, what wonderful delusions have occurred from 'automatic brains;' how many totally false things men have been made to see, and hear, and taste, by mesmeric influences, which never had the slightest existence; we don't know what this 'od force' can do, or what it is. I do know that men will sometimes, nay often, falsify; I do know that even honest men can be deluded; you and I both do know what apparent miracles 'automatic brains,' 'ad force,' and mesmerism can and do work, which yet are mere delusions of the imagination. Therefore, though you, and Mr. A, and Mr. B, and twenty others, tell me they have seen tables move when nobody was within six feet of them, and display intelligence by moving as you requested;—though you and others tell me they have seen Spirits and talked with them, felt of their hands, heard music made by them; I tell you frankly I think you are 'tremendously, totally mistaken and deluded.' I cannot believe till I see all these things for myself; then I will believe too. I, and the whole scientific and theologic world, have never met with any such facts as you mention; they are contrary to all our scientific and theologic experience. The few facts recorded in the Bible, similar to what you relate, you misunderstand—Moses and Elias did not actually return from the Spirit-world and talk with Jesus as you seem to suppose; they merely appeared to be there. Yes, Doctor, when I see what you say, and probably think you have seen, I will believe too."

I reply—Do you esteem it a correct defensible principle, that miracles ought not and cannot be believed till you see them? That it is more probable that I, Mr. A, Mr. B, and twenty others, either falsify, or are deluded in some way; also that Judge Edmonds, Mr. Simmons, Gov. Tallmadge, and thousands of sober, honest, intelligent men, are either falsifying or are grossly deluded, though their testimony is analogous with and fortifies mine—that that your general scientific and theologic experience should be contradicted? You admit that Hume, after all, was right, do you? You admit that the reproach uttered by Jesus himself against the Apostles "for their unbelief and hardness of heart," because they believed not them which had seen him after he had risen?" (Mark, 16: 14.) You admit that that reproach was undeserved and cruel, do you? If you and Hume are right, then this reproach of Jesus was wrong. If the reproach was deserved, then you and Hume are wrong, and deserve it. Be so good, then, as to be consistent with this principle, and commend Hume for his philosophical and necessary skepticism in ancient Spiritualism. You have supplied Hume with facts and principles that would have utterly demolished all belief in ancient miracles, had they not fortunately, or rather providentially, been renewed in our day, so that every one who would take the trouble could see a miracle for himself.

Let us candidly see how the argument would stand for a belief in the presence about one of Spirits who wrote the account of the miracles recorded in "Spiritualism?" Judge Edmonds, Dr. Dexter, Mr. Warren, Gov. Tallmadge, and Senator Simmons, and their written testimony can be fortified by your consulting them personally, if you have any doubt about the authenticity of the written account; you can absolutely demonstrate the fact that they were written by these individuals, and that they personally think they saw and experienced what miracles they have recorded. Hume now modestly asks who wrote the account of the miracles recorded in the four books accredited to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? If you are a scholar and are familiar with the history of these books, you know very well that there is no evidence, not the very slightest, that you can produce, that these books were written by the persons whose names have been by forgery attached to them; that the probability, the almost certainty is, that they are all compilations from some older Gospel that has disappeared. It is positively certain that you cannot bring any evidence to Mr. Hume that the miracles recorded in those ancient books were written by eye-witnesses. I refer all who would investigate this subject to Taylor's Exegesis, and Dr. Strauss' Life of Jesus. So far as weight of testimony goes, then, why you should believe in modern miracles and Hume in ancient miracles, the argument is overwhelmingly against you. You ought not to say a word against Hume. You have the testimony of some half-dozen supposed witnesses to ancient miracles; you have the direct, positive testimony of thousands of persons, well known for intelligence, sanity, and honesty, testifying to similar miraculous phenomena now, similar to each other and to phenomena recorded in the anonymous books supposed to be written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Here, again, the weight of argument is overwhelmingly against you, that you should believe in modern miracles if Hume ought to believe in ancient. Beside all this, my dear clerical skeptic, let me apply the same principles to the ancient miracles, supposing they really were testified to by bona fide witnesses, whose accounts we have all just as they wrote them in the four gospels, which is supposing a great deal that we cannot by any possibility be proved. Let me apply the same principles to explain away those Scriptural miracles that you teach Hume to apply to the modern ones. Let me apply the principle that men, these days, have "automatic brains," which lead even the most honest and truthful persons into the strangest delusions which they swear did really happen; that "od force" can undoubtedly do many strange things, as we don't know much about it yet; that "will-force" might perhaps turn tables, move stones and roll away rocks; that, above all, mesmerism demonstrates that a man may be induced to see, hear, touch, taste, and smell things which really and truly had no existence except in his imagination; yea, so firmly would he swear that he witnessed personally these miracles, that if he had any honest firmness, you could not by any torture make him deny them. If you say you cannot believe men who testify by thousands that they have personally witnessed these modern miracles, from these known sources of delusion, how can you persuade Hume to believe half a dozen men who testify to certain ancient wonders, when they were all exposed to the same sources of most honest delusion?

My clerical friend, in most sober truth, demonstrate to Hume or to me, or to your churches, the delusion of these modern miracles, and you will have demonstrated with a thousand-fold success the utter incredibility of your anonymous Scriptural miracles. You ought to have your eyes open by this time to the goal towards which you are traveling, and towards which you are guiding your flocks. Let me commend to your perusal and careful thought the little book or bible written by a certain disciple named J. H. Fowler, entitled "New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles: The Comparative amount of Evidence for each; nature of both; testimony of a hundred witnesses." Let me beg of you to read this little bible and demonstrate to Hume why he and you ought not to believe and accept that "good tidings," and why he still ought to believe most undoubtedly the four little books or bibles entirely anonymous, but supposed to be written by certain unknown persons named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Yours, in love of the truth,
CHAS. H. CRAIG.

FACTS FOR THOSE WHO NEED THEM.

So general has been the attention paid to every phase of Spiritual life, since the development of "modern mysteries" has been a subject of remark, that scarcely a day passes that we do not find something, giving presumptive if not positive truth of Spirit-intercourse. And it should be observed that these facts are not the fruit of the so-called "Spirit-rappers," but the spontaneous development of relations, explainable only by the laws of affinity, which is the Spiritual bond of all true unions. The highways and byways of life are full of such facts for those that seek them. We submit the following to the reader, and should like his views, if he can explain them by any but Spiritual philosophy.

1. SINGULAR.—The following circumstances are related by the Newark Mercury: "We chronicled on Thursday last the death of John Doodenbos, a German, residing in the Fifth Ward, by drowning the previous day. Since then we have learned of certain singular circumstances attending the death, which we have considered worthy of note in this place. Some two or three days previous to that on which Doodenbos was drowned, while hoeing beans in the garden of a neighbor, he found upon one of those plants a leaf, one side of which was green, and the other perfectly white. He immediately cut it off, observing that in the place where he emigrated to this country, such a phenomenon in nature as he had observed, was regarded as a sure sign of death in the vicinity, and added that he had a strong belief in the superstition. Shortly after this occurrence, he passed into his own garden, and there discovered among his plants, one having a leaf precisely similar to that found in the garden of the neighbor. He again remarked that death would soon occur in the neighborhood, but did not appear by his manner to think he would himself be the victim. Yet so it was, however; in three days he was sleeping in the dust."

We have heard another circumstance in connection with his death, which we consider equally mysterious. About 12 o'clock on Wednesday, (the hour at which Doodenbos was drowned), a sister of his residing in Brooklyn, being overcome with the heat, fell fast asleep, at a distance, during her brother's death, and saw him sinking and struggling with the water, as plainly as if the whole scene was passing before her. Aroused to consciousness by her dream, she once left her room, and saw him sinking in the water, and just as he was getting into his grave clothes. It was certainly a fearful realization of a terrible dream.

This story, perhaps, may be considered rather dubious by the public; but we are prepared to substantiate the whole narration by the testimony of those who are immediately interested."

2. COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.—A little girl, about ten years old, daughter of Mr. Oberland, a resident of the Eighth Ward, as the clock was striking twelve on Saturday night, was reclining on her sofa, and looking out of the window, when she was suddenly seized with a strong belief in the superstitious nature of the parent not being of a superstitious nature, it made an impression upon her mind which she found it impossible to throw off. At dinner she told her husband of the circumstance, and he endeavored to rally the child, but with a sweet and sad smile, in which, however, no fear was manifested at the coming prospect of death, she was silent. The next morning, at 10 o'clock, it was now the father's turn to feel a depression of spirits, which overshadowed him the whole day, so much so, that in the evening, meeting officer Young, watchman of that Ward, he told him the child's singular prognostications. Up to this time, the little girl had enjoyed exceedingly good health, but during the night the parents were aroused by her complaining bitterly of pains in

her back and head. As early as possible a physician was called in, who pronounced her in a high state of bilious fever. Notwithstanding all that human aid could effect, she expired at noon. Her fatal prophecy was fulfilled.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CHOLERA.

So much has been said upon this subject to excite apprehension and anxiety, that it is but natural others should wish to give relief. Accordingly the "papers" have had numerous articles, from good authority in the medical profession, stating the method of "cure" as reliable and positive. As might be expected, however, the "methods" are not all alike, and many are at a loss which to choose. We can give very little light on the subject, beyond the fact, that our philosophy consists in prevention, rather than "cure"; but the following communication points out a source whence light and knowledge may be had. As an observer, however, of men and things, we are free to say that Homoeopathy commends itself to our judgment. We are not orthodox in this faith, as we use by far more "cold water" than medicine in sickness; but when we find a fact developed, and the testimony of such fact in favor of certain conclusions, justice demands it should be known. During last Summer, in New Orleans, Natchez, and other cities and towns of the South, where other medicine failed to do good, Homoeopathy came off nearly victorious over death and the grave, as it cured nearly every case. The fact was a subject of common remark at the time, as we may infer from the following:—

"We see it asserted that the Homoeopathic physicians of New Orleans have cured upwards of one of every one hundred cases of yellow fever to which they have been called. In Natchez they lost two out of fifty. If this be true, the best medicine the better in that fever.—Lynn Day State."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST: Dear Sir—In the present state of the public feeling, any thing relating to the treatment of Cholera will be of importance.

I noticed in a late number of your journal a very favorable account of a late work:—"A Guide to Health," by Dr. Sherrill. I am informed on reliable authority, that a great number of cases of CHOLERA have been treated this season on the plan laid down in that work, and without an exception they have all recovered.

OSWEGO.

The above-named Book is for sale at this office.

GOD!

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountains, bless Him—the insects sports in His beams—the elephant salutes Him with the rising of day—the birds sing Him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens—the ocean declares His immensity—man alone has said,—"There is no God."

Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Everything reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can best produce that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity.—Chateaubriand.</

Poetry.

THE PERPETUAL RELIGION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Bellows—from the soul deriving breath—
Should know no death;
Yet do they perish, mingling their remains
With fallen faces;
Creeds, canons, dogmas, councils are the wrecked
And mouldering masonry of intellect.
Aps, Ostris, paramount of yore
On Egypt's throne, the wide North adored,
Woden and Thor, through the wide North adored,
With blood outpoured;
Jove, and the multiform divinities,
To whom the Pagan nations bowed their knees—
Lo! they are cast aside, defunct, forlorn,
Defunct, outworn,
Like the world's childish dolls, which but insult
Its age and skill;
Or prostrate scoundrels, on whose faces we tread
With scorn proportioned to our former dread.
Alas for human reason! all is change,
Senseless and strange
All ages form new systems, leaving lefts
To faded lights;
The future will but imitate the past,
And instability alone will last.
Is there no compass, then, by which to steer
This erring sphere?
No tie that can indissolubly bind
To God, mankind;
No code that may defy Time's sharpest tooth?
No fixed, immutable, unerring truth?
There is! there is! One primitive and sure
Religion, pure
Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and codes
Wear myriad modes,
Contains all needed for humanity's span:
The love of God displayed in love of Man.
This is the Christian's faith when rightly read;
Oh! may it spread,
Till earth, redeemed from every hateful leaven,
Makes peace with heaven;
Below, one blessed brotherhood of love,
One Father—worshiped with one voice—above!

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul and number,
To a holy calm delight;
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the floor and wall,
Dance upon the parlor wall.
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.
He, the young and strong, who cherished
Solely longing for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.
They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Faded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more.
Who into their being beauteous,
And into my youth was given,
More than all things dear to me,
And is now a saint in heaven;
With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes the messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her holy hand in mine.
And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.
Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voice and prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.
Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

[From the Northern Advocate.]

SPIRIT COMFORTERS.

When the world seems dark and dreary,
And the tearful eyes are dry,
When the heart is lone and weary,
And for rest we sigh;
Loving ones of earth and air,
Those who've passed from earth away,
Come, and while they linger near us,
Over the heart lay their love away.
Peaceful words of joy and comfort,
Speak they to the inner soul;
Soon dispelling grief and sadness,
Which like ocean billows roll;
Words that breathe of realms beyond,
Where the "crystal fountains" play,
Where the soul in light and glory,
Basks in lights of endless day.
And they fade without joyful guide us,
To those heavenly regions far,
And, though the life be little us,
They would lead us calmly there;
For they whisper words we need,
To help our hearts to cheer,
For to teach us how to live,
High and holy is their mission,
Cheering weary ones of earth,
Leading them to that fruitation,
And to bliss of heavenly birth;
Let us heed the teachings given,
By the spirit-voices of the dead,
And be guided to that Heaven,
Where are joys forever new.

MAGNETIC MAGIC!

Historical and Practical Treatise on Exorcisms, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convolutions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet, Author of the "Crested Telegraph."

FOURTH DIALOGUE.

SUSPENSIONS.

29. At page 292, of the 2d volume of "Critical History of Superstitious Practices," Lebrun speaks in the following terms: "For one hundred and ten years that the torture by water has been abolished in France, it has nevertheless been used in Burgundy; sometimes it has been applied without legal proceedings, sometimes it has been inflicted by the courts themselves. I shall confine my narrative to recent facts, and only to those I have been able to ascertain as it is possible, for any facts which one has not been an eye witness. About three years ago, an artisan of St. Florentine, in Burgundy, was suspected of being a sorcerer, and menaced in consequence to be thrown into the water by the infuriated populace. Perfectly convinced that he was not a sorcerer, and should go to the bottom, the poor man thought to silence the public rage, by saying he would shortly submit to the experiment. But far from it, the multitude's eagerness increased with what they considered as a boast of his. Day and place were appointed for the experiment. There was an immense concourse from all the neighboring villages, and the wretched man was thrown into the water, with hands and feet tied. But he did not sink; he stood floating over the surface, in spite of several children jumping on his body, in order to make him sink down. The consequence of this fact was, that this poor mechanic is now starving, no one being willing to employ this pretended sorcerer, although he is one of the most devout parishioners of the place, according to the confession of the curate himself."

30. But the trial made at Montigny, near Auxerre, was still more remarkable. Several persons of this village being accused of witchcraft, said to the curate that they were ready to submit to the water experiment, in order to vindicate the infamous calumnies circulating upon their account. Delighting generally in such kind of spectacle, the multitude highly approved the decision, and the trial took place on the following Wednesday, 5th of June, in the river of Senin, near Montigny. On the appointed day the bells rang, and the people rushed there in swarms. Great many persons of the neighborhood were already there. Those who had to submit to the trial were then stripped of their clothes, tied at the hands, knees and feet, and fastened to a rope in order to draw them out of the water in case they were to sink. They were then

thrown into the river. Some one went down, but almost all remained on the surface like pieces of cork-tree, and every effort to make them sink was useless. Mortified to be thus floating on the surface, some of them accused the ropes by which they were fastened to be bewitched; the ropes were changed several times, but the result was the same. The presence of the monks of Pontigny, and several other persons of distinction, rendered this trial perfectly authentic; yet they wished to give it the solemnity of a legal act, in due form. A public notary was entrusted with the drawing up of the record, and signed even by the persons who had submitted to the experiment. What I have related here, is an abstract of the copy of the authentic record, sent me in regular form by the notary himself.

JOHN.—To permit such public trials, the civilization of these times must have been as dissolute as ridiculous, by its creeds and ignorance.

ALBERT.—Civilization is but an empty word, and the pretension to this kind of progress, nothing but the negation of every sound observation. The people of those times were the same as those of our own days. Will you know the opinion of our savior about these facts? Listen to M. Julia de Fontenelle:

"New and Complete Manual of the Sorcerers," &c., 1841, page 103: "Were we to suppose for an instant," says the author, "that magic was the cause of these wonders, how could they yet be true? It was not the effect of natural laws? In order to prevent those who were submitted to this kind of trial to swim, and thus remain at the surface, they were tied strongly with ropes; but that precaution itself must have been the cause of their not sinking. For every one knows it is enough to stiffen one's body to remain floating on the water; and it was certainly the result produced by the entangled position in which these people were thrown into the river."

To enforce his opinion, M. Julia de Fontenelle should have experienced himself this sort of ligation, as well as the swimming upon the water. But even if he had succeeded, he could not have considered it as a physical law, except by proving that everybody was able to do the same thing. Read the books of this modern savior, and you will see how far human progress has been carried. He says at page 1, "that witchcraft is nothing but the dream of a diseased imagination, and its influence over weak minds." In order to appreciate the soundness of M. de Fontenelle's argument, I will relate to you some parts of the lawsuit that was instituted against Rev. Father Girard. My extracts are taken from a book published in 1772, under the following title: "Causes célèbres et intéressantes avec les jugements qui ont décidés." 2 vols.

I consider Father Girard as quite a superior man, and one of the most distinguished members of the famous order of the Jesuits. Every historian has spoken about the ponderous process of which he has been the hero. But I think the last word is not yet said. According to my opinion, the suit was instituted upon a simple fact of magnetic charm. But it is true that it was accompanied by circumstances which necessarily appeared supernatural in an age where the marvels of magnetism were so little known. I intended to speak of this process only in the chapter that will treat of thrown-spells, but as it contains facts which are closely connected with those we are now speaking of, I think you would like to learn here its curious particulars. Although belonging simply to the laws of magnetism, these facts present the most occult phenomena of this science. But we must acknowledge—fortunately, perhaps—that few mesmerizers are now acquainted with the wonderful secrets that were familiar to Father Girard. When committed for trial, this Jesuit was certainly not at the beginning of his manoeuvres; and, perhaps, no one ever equalled him in these odious practices. One of his pretended visitors, La Cadere, was one of the prettiest girls in the country, and Father Girard was the most lustful and ugliest of its men. He was charged with having suggested to her visions that were to favor his criminal passions. We read in the same records, that before La Cadere, he acted by similar visions upon a certain La Batorelle, who appeared both as a victim of, and a witness against, this man. It is asserted that in this last vision, he assumed the shape of Christ, in order to fulfil with certainty and sanctity, the odious arts he was scheming. We read the following declaration of this witness at page 12: "I have seen Christ, dazzling with whiteness and splendor, and it was not a delusion; I was perfectly awake and conscious of my state." "My daughter," said he, "you must be one and the same thing with me," and then he sunk himself into her body.

When this woman told her vision to Father Girard—who was her director—he persuaded her that such dream was a propitious augury, and advised her to persevere in the same way, to deserve always the favors of God. . . . Another time she saw Jesus Christ holding in his hands the heart of Father Girard, and then snatching out her own, to unite it with that of the Jesuit, with which it became one. She told her vision to Girard, who advised her to remain closely attached to God, by her devotedness and abnegation. . . .

The 28th witness declares in his testimony he often saw Father Girard kissing La Cadere; but that previous to his criminal connection with this woman, he had already had a child, through the same occult means, from a girl 21 years of age, called Marie Ann Haugier. This young woman appeared herself as a witness, under No. 11. In order to prepare his penitents to yield more surely to his influence, he generally directed their ideas toward quietism, which is a kind of intimate union with God, &c. The state of contemplation into which the soul sinks is very favorable, according to the Jesuit, to its freedom from the trammels of the body; the soul thus becomes unanswerable for its actions; and the body—plunged in a sort of ecstatic insensibility—may be submitted to the most impure and lusty acts, without contaminating the soul, which stands perfectly immaculate in the eyes of God.

This moral, as you see, is far more propitious to debauchery than to virtue; it was certainly borrowed from certain Eastern monks, and imported to Europe by a Spanish priest—Michel Molinos. According to these immoral conceptions, La Cadere was quite justified in receiving the communion the moment she left her seducer's arms. Nothing in that could have offended the Divine majesty, since the sin was that of the body alone, and the soul remained in its immaculate purity.

Father Girard was for two years and a half La Cadere's director. During the first one, nothing happened between them; but a little later she received the Jesuit at her mother's house, and led with him the most criminal life. The scandal was almost public, but she did not the less every day receive the communion. In order to have a pretext to pay her frequent visits, he produced stigmas upon her chest, head, feet and arms. These stigmas gave forth a rosy blood which every body was permitted to witness; but Father Girard was

preferred to any other, and she was kept for a Saint just at the moment this odious man destroyed the fruit of his infamous connection with her. But what is still more remarkable, is the evidence of a witness called La Batorelle, who says that one day she saw Father Girard apply the side of his breast to the bleeding wound of La Cadere, and when this blood had transmitted a rosy tint to his side, that he kissed her wound, while she kissed the red impression produced upon the Jesuit's flesh. Often, pursued the same witness, they mixed their blood with water and drank it together. La Cadere's mother confesses also that one day she saw Father Girard carry away a towel on which the face of her daughter was impressed in blood; that he took in the same manner another napkin which he offered to pay for if desired. This woman was extremely credulous, so that the Jesuit had no difficulty in making her believe the most ridiculous stories; it is thus that he always found pretexts for multiplying his visits to the unfortunate girl.

Among the most curious facts recorded in this trial, we read that La Cadere was several times lifted up from the ground, and stood suspended several feet in height.

Father Girard was considered a manufacturer of Saints, because all his penitents had ecstasies and crises similar to those of the clairvoyants of our day. Communion of thought, sight at great distances, intercourse with the Spirits of another world, stigmas, were the usual results of his action upon these women. La Gudol, La Fravur, La Laugier, widow L'Allemand, La Bataille, and La Belluc, presented all the phases of these phenomena. Girard usually availed himself of their state of somnambulism, to seduce these wretched creatures.

I will give you here a specimen of the moral he taught them. "In this state you are bodily under the influence of the evil Spirit; you must let him do as he pleases; you must not be troubled with what may happen; nocturnal pollutions, licentious touching, or even criminal connections must not frighten or perplex you; on the contrary, your soul will be purified and strengthened by these apparently reprehensible acts. But it is very important not to speak of these things in your confession; in not accusing yourself of them, you take the best way to subdue the demon and acquire a treasure of peace."

It was in consequence of such doctrine that he caused them to put off all their clothes, and show their stigmas in their full nakedness. La Cadere declared that she found herself in the most immodest postures, without being able to discover the cause of these pollutions.

Father Girard was accused of having made use of witchcraft to produce these criminal effects. And in fact, La Cadere said that one day he breathed upon her forehead, and that she felt from that moment the most passionate love for this man. She was so entirely under the control of his magnetic power, that he corresponded with her at a very great distance, and caused her to receive the communion at the same moment he did himself. There were many eye-witnesses who swore they had seen this singular phenomenon. While La Cadere was in bed one night, the holy wafer came and placed itself on her tongue. Her brother, who was himself a priest, declared that one night he heard his sister's bed cracking under the efforts of an invisible hand which tried to pierce her feet, and impressed the stigma she bore. Other witnesses declared that Girard shaved the hair off this miserable girl one day, and that the stigma of the thorn-crown at once appeared in bloody color.

This interminable trial records a thousand other similar facts, which it would be wearisome to recount in their detail. But what I told you, proves sufficiently, I think, that Father Girard was profoundly learned in all the secrets of magnetism, and made use of them to gratify his shameful passions. It is desirable that those secrets should not be revealed; and I cannot but regret to see those men who style themselves the "friends of mankind," making these practices known to the public. Humanity is already acquainted with too many receipts for committing crimes, why should we teach new ones? How many men became from these lessons, the rivals and followers of Father Girard's odious practices? How many girls that imitated La Cadere in all her turpitudes? I will try to neutralize the baneful influence of such teachings, and propose remedies to this new source of crime and shame. We shall treat this question fully in the chapter on spell-thrown.

JOHN.—I shudder at what you have told me today. Why! Are such crimes possible? Have such abuses been committed? Has so sublime a science been turned into so infamous a practice? Are you certain of what you said?

ALBERT.—This trial stirred up not only France, but the whole of Europe. It excited emotions which were not far from revolutions. It was a religious question, since a priest was accused, and that was enough to move the whole world. If the judges had been acquainted with the science of which we are at present occupied, they would have appreciated the facts with more justice, and their doubts would soon have been changed into certainty. But in those times, as in ours, every one thought himself very wise; and yet all their learning consisted in denying what could not be understood. It is thus that Father Girard was alternately condemned and discharged—caricatured and brought to triumph. So it was with La Cadere, too. For some time the world was maddened with this trial. I am perfectly sure of the truth of all my assertions, and I feel able to prove that I do not labor under any delusion. Should nothing happen to interrupt our conversations, I promise you that I will relate many anecdotes that will more deeply excite your horror and astonishment.

JOHN.—Do you dread anything?

ALBERT.—No; not from loyal adversaries, but from those who like to remain in darkness. But let us continue; I am not yet at the end.

32. The "History of John Betet," Avignon, 1732, contains a great number of quotations which prove that this young man was often transported and suspended in the air. All these facts were witnessed and certified by numerous and reliable persons who swear to their truth.

33. In the "History of St. Francesca," I read that she culled grapes in the middle of winter, and ate them with her companions.

34. A crab-fish fell through the ceiling, and Vanatia, having eaten it, recovered from a dangerous illness under which he was laboring.

35. A respectable monk of St. Francis order, appeared to St. Francis, and threw his club in the branches of a pear-tree, which for a long time had not borne fruit. Yet, at once such a number fell down, that all her comrades ate of them to satiety. These pears were so big that they could not be held in both hands. In this monk the pious women recognized the Saviour himself.

36. Another time St. Francis had bread only for three persons, and yet she divided it among fifteen of her guests, who ate of it as much as they

pleased. A certain quantity even remained, and was preserved for the following day.

37. As she was sitting on a vine-tree and reading to her companions, a strange rain began to fall, but not a single drop touched the Saint.

38. On another day forty bushels of wheat were piled up in a granary, where there was none a moment before.

39. An empty barrel was likewise filled with wine in the presence of a great many respectable witnesses.

40. How many similar facts are related in the "Life of St. Philomela." They were all produced by the action of her relics. It is thus that we see the coffin containing her remains, and carried by four men, become at once so excessively heavy that eight strong porters were unable to lift it up; yet a minute before it scarcely weighed a few pounds. In the same ceremony they were a flag twice as wide as the street itself, without any of the parts touching the side houses. On another occasion copies of a certain work were wanted, and the edition was exhausted. St. Philomela caused four hundred copies to be found one day, and the same number a few weeks afterwards.

JOHN.—However holy they may be, do you think that I am much entertained by these quotations?

ALBERT.—My intention is not to amuse but to instruct you. All these testimonies will be useful to the development of the science we study. Since we are obliged to admit this order of facts for a class of persons, I do not see any reason for rejecting them in another. You know my moderation whenever the question falls upon religion; yet it cannot go so far as to prevent me from studying facts which may instruct us. I believe it is my duty to express my opinion freely about any creed I reject or do not understand; but I think it is still more a duty to be just to every belief. All the churches of the world together, form this sole and unique Church of the Lord, wherein all His children must study without passion or prejudice. But I must resume my quotations which will not be less religious, or grounded upon less authenticated or respectable testimonies.

41. In the "History of Magic in France," published in 1818, I read the following statement:—"On the 17th of September, 1612, Father Pot interrogated after the mass, a possessed woman called Demise de la Caille. All of a sudden the woman was taken from the floor and lifted up into the air, screaming out in the most desperate manner. Charitable persons and monks kept her skirts tight around her feet, lest she might in her motions, immodestly uncover a part of her person."

The following record is taken from the "Annals of Magnetism," No. 20, page 84. Speaking of the works of Jamblichus, it is said, "That among the inspired people, some are so in their whole body, some in a few of their limbs only. Every one manifests the state of inspiration in which he is in different ways. Some sing, dance, cry and make all sorts of faces; others are perfectly still, or show the calmest or most dignified countenance; some stand horizontally, or are even sometimes lifted and transported into the air. The tone of their voice is now grave and equal—then broken and screaming. . . . According to Jamblichus, it is God himself who acts in these inspirations."

These facts prove that the phenomena of suspension have been observed in every age; they were neither unknown to the ancients, nor are they now among us. I will quote again the opinion of a mesmerizer who is too little known and consulted by modern magnetizers, and yet they might find useful teachings in his works. You will perceive that the reasonings of this man are not the lucubrations of a diseased brain, but the expression of sound and well digested thought.

42. "Teratotomy of Vital Fluid, and Mensmebulency," 1822. Such is the title of the book in which I read the following reflections: "Some persons still deny that possessed people have been lifted up and supported against the ceilings of the churches in which they were exercised. Yet, in a letter written to Dr. Winslow, of Paris, M. Delavur affirms that he saw a demoniac transported in an instant to the ceiling of the church with his feet forward."

43. "St. Paulin swears that he saw with his own eyes, a possessed woman march against the vault of a church, her head downwards; yet her clothes did not fall upon her face, but stood orderly around her frame, just as they might have done in an ordinary position."

44. "Sulpice de Severe testifies that he saw a woman lifted up, and stand in the vacuum, without any point of support."

45. An abbess of the Agreda, in Spain, was also lifted up in the air during her ecstasies. All the nuns of the convent saw this singular phenomenon, which often took place in the church during the holy service. A breath was sufficient to convey her from one extremity of the choir to the other."

The author quoted, thus appreciates these facts, page 324. "How many ancient and modern events have been thought fabulous, or the result of an overheated imagination, which, better observed, would be found due to mensmebulency." (Such is the name this writer gives to animal magnetism.) "Oracles, pythoneses, propheticesses, auguries, visions, ecstasies, revelations, evil eye, thrown-spells, charms, witchcraft, apparitions, phantoms, ghosts, astrology, black art, and so forth, might all be explained and justified by this theory. Upon each of the ideas I have now spoken of, volumes could be written, and arguments would not fail to prove, that we have until now been in ignorance of a thousand things that mensmebulency might teach us—for all sciences are included in that of somnambulism."

[To be continued.]

[From the Ladies' Christian Annual.]

EVERY HUMAN FACE HAS A HISTORY AND A PROPHECY.

BY MARY.

Though "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate," and memories of the past are buried in forgetfulness, the historical and the prophetic are strangely and beautifully blended in the human face; histories the sage oft-times cannot interpret, or the chronologist date, and prophecies as vivid as the mysterious hand-writing upon the wall, but which, alas! there is no Daniel to interpret. Upon the yet unfurrowed brow of tender infancy, all is shadow, all is prophecy; the shades of coming events sweetly linger with the light of innocent smiles, and their blending hues present a prophetic picture painted by the hand of the divine Artist. Memory has no page in that bright volume; sorrow has not written there a line, nor has crime left as yet one dark chapter; but all is a bright volume of prophetic truth. Each circle of time adds its record, and the fulfillment of the prophetic becomes itself the historical; yes, the hand-writing of time, the historian of historians, is deep and indelible as if written like the sins of Judah. Who has not looked into a soft, shadowy eye, and read there as in a mirror of

truth, a volume of heart-histories? or seen, like the shadows of heaven in some deep-valleyed lake, the clouds and sunshine of a poetic temperament, lingering in prophetic beauty in ominous sadness, in those same indexes of the soul within? Who has not turned from the melancholy blue, or the soft, deep, lustrous black, to the flashing of a fiery eye, or the black resting-place of malignant feelings, quick impulses, strong passions, and read there a record of wounded sensibilities, of hasty crimes, of revengeful acts? One dark history of sins untold; one bloody prophecy of crimes innumerable. Who has not shuddered at the curling lip of scorn, and read unconsciously the same sad history? Nor watched the drooping corners of a melancholy mouth, or the firm and compressed lip of decision, and not seen more to fear or admire than the most eventful page could afford? Who could look upon the high and thoughtful brow, the broad and noble front, and not read of mighty achievements and noble deeds? Ay! the prophecy is on the infant brow and the history on the cheek of age, which all may read who will; one, too, fraught with the deepest interest, because characterized by the greatest variety. "True, the young face is but an unwritten tablet, but those mystical truths are gradually unfolded and brought in easy succession before the reader, and each page has its beauties. The hues of health and longevity are first traced, or a life of bodily pain and suffering is seen, in the pale wan visage. The lines of a pensive mould of mind are clearly delineated, or the sunshine of a happy heart, distinctly seen; a life of deep study and patient research, truthfully foretold, or a careless holiday dream-life is depicted in the whole countenance. In after years the deep furrows of sorrow, disease, and suffering, or the still deeper lines of thought, tell of the ravages of time and care, and become a vast historical volume; yet the same Spirit of inspiration which in infancy was prophetic, beams in a gentle smile upon the brow; and the last revelation of time becomes a prophecy of the future, bright, beautiful, and to mortal eye unseen, save in that holy prophecy,—a happy, peaceful death."

[From the London Leader.]

REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS.

For one prediction that comes true, many hundreds fail of which we never hear. Many a fond mother predicts a professorship, or judgeship, or bishopric, for a favorite son, who, nevertheless, sinks through the world among the crowd of unknown people. For all that, sundry remarkable predictions have, at various times, been uttered, which have become true, and yet nothing miraculous has been attributed to them.

Silla said of Cæsar, when he pardoned him at the earnest entreaty of his friends, "You wish my pardon—I consent, but know that this young man, whose life you so eagerly plead for, will prove the most deadly enemy of the party which you and I have defended. There is in Cæsar more than a Marius." The prediction was realized.

Thomas Aquinas was so unusually simple and reserved in conversation, that his fellow-students regarded him as a very mediocre person, and jocularly called him *The dumb or Stilly*. His master, Albert, not knowing himself what to think, took occasion one day before a large assemblage to interrogate him on several very profound questions; to which the disciple replied with so penetrating a sagacity, that Albert turned towards the youths who surrounded his chair, and said—"You call brother Thomas a *dumb*, but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrines will be heard all over the world."

Erasmus wrote a composition at twelve years old, which was read by a learned friend of Hegius; and he was so struck by its merit, that he called the youth to him, and said, scanning him keenly, "My boy, you will one day be a great man."

Sully's father predicted of him, when only twelve years old, that he would one day be great by reason of his courage and his virtues. Had not the prophecy come true, we had never heard of it. But Sully was early put in the way of promotion, and once in the road, the rest is comparatively easy.

Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, early predicted the future greatness of Sir Thomas Moore. Pointing to the boy one day, he said to those about him: "That youth will one day be the ornament of England."

Cardinal Wolsey, though a butcher's son, had an early presentiment of his future great eminence. He used to say, that if he could but once set foot at court, he would soon introduce himself there. And scarcely had he obtained admission at court, and possession of an humble benefice, than he did not hesitate to say, that "henceforth there was no favor to which he dared not aspire."

At eighteen, Gondì, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, composed certain reminiscences of early studies, on reading which, Richelieu exclaimed, "Here's a dangerous fellow."

Marshal Turenne, in his early youth, prophetically foretold the distinction in arms to which he would rise. But, doubtless, there are few youths who enter the army, full of ardor and courage, who do not predict to themselves the career of a hero and a conqueror.

Milton, in his early writings, foreshadowed his great poem, then not matured in his mind. He declared his intention, many years before he commenced his task, of writing some great poem for posterity "which the world could not willingly let die."

Bossuet, when a youth, was presented to a number of prelates by one of the bishops of his church, who said of him, when he had left, "That young man who has just gone forth, will be one of the greatest luminaries of the church."

Mazin early predicted the brilliant career of Louis XVI. He said of him, "He has in him stuff for four kings;" and at another time, "He may take the road a little later than others, but he will go much further."

One day, a mason, named Barbe, said to Madame de Maintenon, who was at that time the wife of Scarron: "After such trouble, a great king will love you, you will reign; but although at the summit of favor, it will be of no benefit to you." He added some remarkable details, which appeared to cause her some emotion. Her friends rallied her about the prediction, when the conjuror said to them, with the air of a man confident of the truth of what he said, "You will be glad to kiss the hem of her garment; then, instead of amusing yourself at her expense."

On the other hand, Louis XVI. one day observed to the Rochefoucauld and the Duc de Crequi: "Astrology is altogether false. I had my horoscope drawn in Italy; and they told me that after having lived a long time, I would fall in love with an old woman, and love her to the end of my days. Is there the least likelihood of that?" And so saying, he burst into laughing. But this did not, nevertheless, hinder him from marrying Madame de Maintenon, when she was fifty years old! So that both the predictions of the mason and of the Italian conjuror came true at last.

When Voltaire was engaged in the study of classical learning, the father Lejay was once very much irritated by the insolence of his repartees, and, taking him by the collar, shook him roughly, saying, "Wretched youth! you will some day be the standard of deism in France." Father Palu, Voltaire's confessor, did not less correctly divine the future career of his young penitent when he said of him: "This boy is devoured by a thirst for celebrity."

Sterne has told an anecdote of what happened to him once at Halifax. The school-master had got the ceiling newly whitewashed, and the mischievous boy, mounting the steps along before the job was completed, daubed with a brush on the ceiling the words, in capital letters, *Lau, Sterne*, but he would not have the same effect, seeing that Sterne was a boy of genius, and certain to make a reputation in the world.

Let us conclude by adopting the thought of Goethe: "Our desires are the presentiments of the faculties which lie within us—the precursors of

those things which we are capable of performing. That which we would be, and that which we desire, present themselves to our imagination, about us, and in the future: we prove our aspiration after an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus that an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development a portion of our primitive desire accomplishes itself, under favorable circumstances, by some more circuitous route, from which, however, we never fail to reach the straight road again."

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.

The following is an interesting article, by J. Stonehouse, F. R. S., in the Journal of the Society of Arts, London:—

"My attention was particularly drawn to the importance of Charcoal as a disinfecting agent, by my friend, John Turnbull, Esq., of Glasgow, Scotland, the well known, extensive chemical manufacturer. Mr. Turnbull, about two months ago, placed the bodies of two dogs in a wooden box, on a layer of charcoal powder a few inches in depth, and covered them over with a quantity of the same material. Though the dogs were quite dead, and kept in his laboratory, no effluvia was ever perceptible, and on examining the bodies of the animals, at the end of six months, scarcely anything remained of them except the bones. Mr. Turnbull sent me a portion of the charcoal powder which had been most closely in contact with the bodies of the dogs. I submitted it for examination to one of my pupils, Mr. Turner, who found it contained comparatively little ammonia, not a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen, but very appreciable quantities of nitric sulphuric acids, with acid phosphate of lime."

Mr. Turner subsequently, about three months ago, buried two rats in about two inches of charcoal powder, and a few days afterwards the body of a full grown cat was similarly treated. Though the bodies of these animals are now in a highly putrid state, not the slightest odor is perceptible in the laboratory.

From this short statement of facts, the utility of charcoal powder as a means of preventing noxious effluvia from church-yards, and from dead bodies in other situations, such as on board a ship, is sufficiently evident. Covering a church-yard to the depth of from two to three inches, with coarsely powdered charcoal, would prevent any putrid exhalations ever finding their way into the atmosphere. Charcoal powder also greatly favors the decomposition of the dead bodies with which it is in contact, so that in the course of six or eight months, little is left except the bones.

In all the modern systems of chemistry, such for instance, as the last edition of Turner's "Elements," charcoal is described as possessing antiseptic properties, while the very reverse is the fact. Common salt, nitre, corrosive sublimate, arsenic acid, alcohol, camphor, creosote, and most essential oils, are certainly antiseptic substances, and therefore retard the decay of animal and vegetable matters. Charcoal, on the contrary, as we have just seen, greatly facilitates the oxidation, and consequently the decomposition, of any organic substances with which it is in contact. It is, therefore, the very opposite of an antiseptic."

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The editor of the Knickerbocker attributes the following to Ik Marvel, and is certainly worthy of him:

"Last evening, we were walking leisurely along; the music of the choirs of three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one, and that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories, that rose to us as we walked, before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it."

It was the sweet old "Corinth" they were singing—strains that we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blushed; and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon, who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light, and the minister whom we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded the application and "exhortation," and the choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was "Corinth."

It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and the "prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended," and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang alto—the eyes of one were like a clear June heaven at noon.

They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shall say that they are not singing "Corinth" still, where Sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up? There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column on the right of the "leader," and to our young ears, that the village church were singing the last hymn, and the tune was "Corinth